

Bachelor

SEPT.

15¢

**THE GREAT
BEDROOM
SURPRISE**



A PANTY-RAIDER'S CARTOON ALBUM



*The Persian pussycat
perfumed and fair
Went out to the rooftop
to get some air . . .*

*(The rest of this
bedtime fairy tale
for bachelors
is on pg. 48)*

Notes from a Gay Dog

THE CONTINENTAL CROWD:

Try as you may, there's just no having a baby in the UN Building. Diplomatic corps gets thousands of requests, but just won't have it . . . *Garlic*, I've been told, makes northern Italians violently ill . . . Was completely alarmed to note that men and women often share the same washroom in small French restaurants . . . The most sinful, rascally island in the world turns out to be Fejoe, off the coast of Denmark. It's stocked with Bachelors, who "order" girls from the mainland for fantastic orgies . . . Swedes are now contending that the pistol in our Western films is actually a "phallic symbol." They should talk about that stuff . . . Copenhagen bartenders are the people to see about sinful goings on there. Cabbies don't know a thing . . .

THE NEW TWISTS: You can now get a bachelor cabin with





Notes from a Gay Dog

plaid stripes on the outside. Also, bourbon-flavored mouthwash and an after-shave lotion that gives you a tan . . . There's a new thingamabob that hops up tired electric shavers and a mischievous electric sofa that converts to a bed when you push a button . . . Outrageous gift of the month: A face-protector for bubble gum chewers . . .

THE DRINKING SET: Latest wild tipling concoctions are: Vodka and clam chowder; vodka and coffee; and wine, seven-up on the rocks . . . When the drinking guy next to you says he's a meadophilist, don't report him to any investigating committees. It means he collects beer bottles . . . Pennsylvania has a quaint little town called Sober, which isn't very . . . Progressive bars now a time-clock for patrons to check in and out with, show slips to doubtful brides . . .

Bachelor

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The Great

Grandma Would Flip Her Nightcap

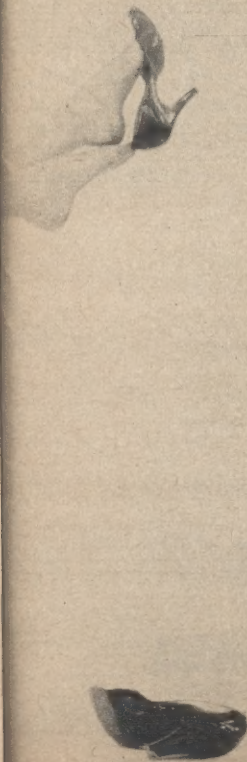


Bedroom Surprise

Over This Crazy New Revolution in Sleeping

■ At last, after several millennia of tossing and turning uneasily in his dark little chambers—man has decided to do something about bedrooms. For the first time since apelike *Dryopithecus* gave up his tree 7 million years ago and started bunking on rocks, people have begun to ask themselves, “What gives with the bedroom?” They have examined the quarters in which they spend 2,044,000 hours of their mortal span—and they have said, “Man cannot live by bed alone.”

And so, there has come about a secret revolution. While America slept, surprising things have been happening to the *salle de chambre*. But this change, like all changes, has its roots in the hopes, fears and insomnias of the past; therefore, we must look at the record. And a grim record it is, full of twang-



ing nerves and aching backs. Throughout history, incident after incident proves that man's first and last resting place has been more horror than haven. The early Greeks, adept in all the civilized arts, choked up when they approached the bedstead. It was an axiom among the Persians that "the Greeks do not know how to arrange a couch."

The Saxons slept nervously in the main dining hall, "with a good, round log under their heads."

Isabelle de Bourbon, wife of Charles the Bold, had an awesome bed with a five ft. alleyway running between its two sections and a huge green canopy arching over all. It took every jot of Charles' legendary boldness to make his way across that gulf to his wife's side.

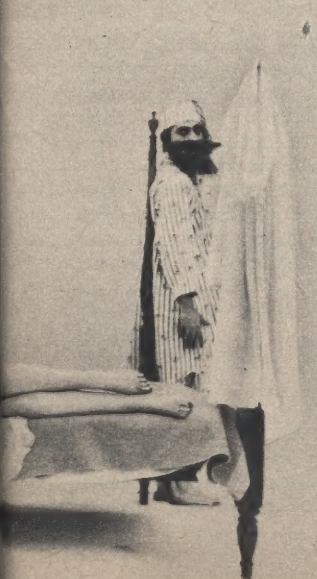
Folk in the early middle ages were so insecure in their bedrooms that all beds were built slanting up sharply toward the head. Thus the occupant was in a position to leap out instantly and repel thieves or rapists—though the almost-sitting posture

couldn't have made for very sound slumber.

As centuries marched on, beds got more complex—and even less relaxing. One specimen was made with a balustrade running all around, save for one small aperture through which weary lords and damsels had to enter by slithering backside first. There were alcove beds, corner beds, ceiling beds, glass beds (mirrors above) and bastard's beds (miniatures of the lord's big bed).



Moreover, beds and bedrooms began to get dragged into the public eye—another thing that didn't make for untroubled dozing. Kings of France introduced the "Beds of Justice," appearing before Parliament in huge canopied four-posters. (Alexander the Great had started the whole thing by leading his armies into battle while ensconced in a portable bedroom.) The French cult of the Bed reached such a height that the



King's lit was garlanded with flowers in the manner of a shrine; when a King died, the remains were borne about the streets for days on the monarchical bed.

Louis XIV was the Bed King; he had 413 beds, of which 155 were sufficiently rococo to be used on state occasions. In Louis' era, bed-going lost all remaining shreds of spontaneity. Noblewomen jumped into bed to celebrate the most trivial public occasion—and when a King died—everybody of royal blood went to bed for six weeks.

When a child was born, not merely the mother, but all female relatives went to bed and stayed for days and days. As a ritual custom, brides received callers in their chambers on the morn following the wedding night—symbolic proof of the grooms' amorous power.

England's Queen Elizabeth made great ceremony over bedtime. Blessings were said over the bed, and the whole mass of straw-filled bedding was exposed and searched by

a yeoman with a dagger to make sure that no intruder had secreted himself therein.

There were, of course, a few exceptions to the practice of making a solemn, frightening institution out of the bedroom. The composer Rossini was a relaxed bedder; once he wrote an aria which dropped over the side of his rather high bunk; rather than climb down to retrieve it, he wrote another in its place. Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, took beds in his stride, often inscribing geometric designs on his sheets or on his own thighs.

Another rule-breaker was the fabulous Great Bed of Ware, originally owned by the Earl of Warwick. Twelve feet long, twelve feet wide and seven feet high, it wound up in the Saracen's Head Inn where its fun-making potential became known all over the world. It wasn't uncommon for twelve persons of both sexes to come to the Saracen's Head and charter the Bed overnight.

But by and large man's attitude toward his night abode got glummer and glummer. To this day, in certain parts of Bavaria, a new-born infant is laid on a board which becomes his lifetime sleeping place. When the person dies, the board becomes his bier, when he is under the earth it serves as gravestone.

The Yankee custom of bundling—now thought of as a jolly way of pulling the wool over Puritan eyes—was actually a stiff and frustrating proposition. In New England, the maiden's father saw to it that a stout plank was placed between a couple forced to sleep together because of a bed shortage. In Wales, where bundling may have begun, it was standard procedure for the head of the family to tie the daughter's ankles to insure chastity.

With the invention of an automatic bed in the 1780's, the modern era of bedroom horror began. If the past had drained it of human feeling, the present pumped it full of mechanical monsters. Like dread-

(continued on page 41)

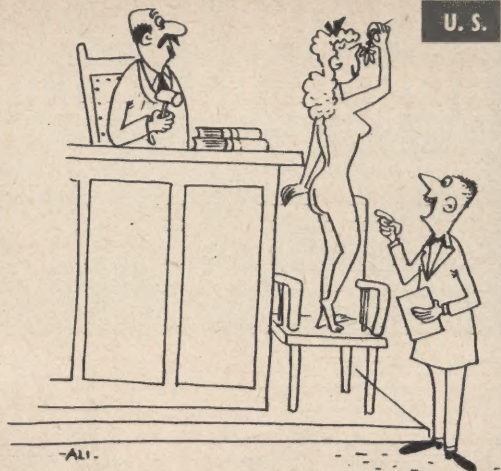
CARTOONS FOR THE GLOBAL BACHELOR

It may be a surprise to the smug, self-satisfied American bachelor that rascals abound beyond the U. S. boundaries. Yugoslavia, Australia, France, and Britain are all running over with knaves and gay dogs. If you want proof, look at their cartoons.



YUGOSLAVIA

U. S.



"State your occupation, please."

ENGLAND



"... Been here long?"

FRANCE

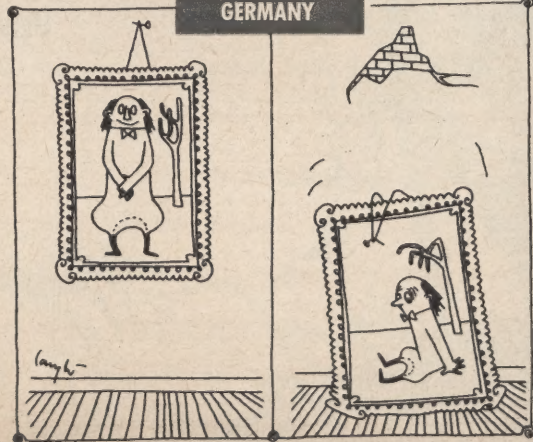


AUSTRALIA



"It was the only way I could get him to switch over from elephants."

GERMANY





REAL CRIME

Name:

Neville Heath

Background:

Gentleman

Specialty:

Mutilation

MAN WHO WAS JEALOUS OF JACK THE RIPPER

by RICHARD STONE

■ It was not surprising that neither desk clerk nor charwoman noticed Neville Heath rushing through the lobby of the hotel in Notting Hill that morning. For, although the class-conscious British are quick to spot someone obviously out of his place, they are even quicker to ignore him if he obviously belongs. Heath belonged in Notting Hill. They ignored him. It's a pity they did.

Around five P.M. that afternoon of June 21, 1946, the pity of it became fully apparent to the chambermaid who let herself into the upstairs room he had occupied. She found herself staring at a mess that had once been a woman on the bed; now barely recognizable as anything but raw pulp topped by a swatch of lovely blonde hair. Naturally, she screamed.

With traditional Scotland Yard punctilio, officers were dispatched in droves. After hasty investigation,

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY HOULIHAN



Killer Heath: an unexpected letter, blood on the garden path

"nice plateful

the opinion of the pathologist was that the woman, once probably very beautiful, had been involved in a sexual orgy with a pervert whose impulses were totally animal and uncontrollable. He guessed that this man, stoked up by passion beyond the point of no return, had inflicted many bruises and lacerations with bare hands upon the personal parts of her body.

Then, probably becoming enraged at some unknown thing the woman did, he had carved her up and strangled her.

Commented Detective Inspector Shelley Symes of the Ladbroke Grove police precinct: "Nice plateful to occupy us for the weekend."

However, the only morsel on the plate except for the dead woman, whose name was Margery Gardner, seemed to be the man, Heath, whose name appeared in the register downstairs. The Yard, therefore concluded with its usual caution that although the finding of a mutilated woman in his room didn't necessarily indict Heath, Heath could without doubt shed a little light on what had happened there. The trouble was, no one had seen Heath leave.

As it turned out, Heath, 29, was no stranger to the police. He had been a captain in the RAF in World War Two, but was court-martialed for prejudicial conduct. He had, in his life, been robber and burglar, and since the war had gone overboard for all forms of erotica and perversion. He wore tweeds well, was blond, tall and handsome in a rugged way, except for

to occupy us for the weekend," said Symes

drooping eyelids. His surliness only seemed to attract women who readily tried his brands of pleasure.

In his office, Chief Superintendent Tom Barratt told his subordinates: "Anyone who would do these things to a woman could be a madman who will be compelled to do them again. Mad or not," he said, "we want him."

But Heath had vanished. And in spite of his signature on the register, there was still no proof that he had actually been with the blonde when she died. All they had was the story of a cabbie who recalled driving Heath and some woman to the hotel from a South Kensington pub. When shown her body, he could not recognize her. When the police looked for photographs to show him, they could find none. Without photographs, the cabbie couldn't say she was the woman with Heath. And if he couldn't identify her, they could not really say Heath killed her. Strangely, it was Heath himself who finally gave the first clue. He simply wrote Barrett a letter explaining that he "lent the room to Marge so she could go there with another man named Jack. I arrived at the room at about three o'clock in the morning to find her dead in the same condition the police found her."

Now he was in Bournemouth, and, as usual, he had a girl. Doreen Marshall, a lovely 21-year-old ex-WREN, was fascinated by this glib RAF veteran's stories, which may have included references to his childhood admiration of Jack the Ripper, and did not refuse when he asked her to go for a walk on July 8, only 18 days after the Gardner murder. When they were alone, she noticed he began to sweat and choke thickly on his words, but figured ardent love for her caused this. Then he clamped his hands over her mouth and brutally assaulted her womanhood.

When they found her body, investigators almost immediately tagged it as a Heath job. She too had been mutilated, but this time the mutilation had taken place

while she was still alive.

All Heath's known hangouts were staked out. Some 20,000 policemen were soon stalking a heavy-lidded blond man. And the stakeout paid off. Days later, Heath was picked up for the Gardner killing.

There still was not the evidence to link him to Mrs. Gardner—except for a one-in-a-million stroke of luck which turned up the missing link photographs of Marge Gardner.

The cab driver was questioned again and shown the pictures. His placing Mrs. Gardner and Heath together made a case. Heath was the last to see her alive. His letter to Barrett about loaning her his room key was a lie.

The impact of this didn't register on Heath right away but registered on his attorneys immediately, and they began shouting Heath was insane to save him from the gallows. They eagerly admitted Heath had murdered Doreen. They found still a third woman who testified in Old Bailey that he had once tried to kill her in the most perverted manner.

"Nonsense," snorted King's Counsel. The defense was only seeking to make Heath seem more deranged by admitting killing in quantity. And at this point, Heath's letter to Barrett backfired on him. Convincingly, the KC pressed home the point that no real lunatic would be sane and calculating enough to try to alibi himself by writing falsehoods to policemen.

The trial then, hinged on whether the perversion and sadism which grew from sexual excesses and drove Heath to kill amounted to insanity. The court eventually thought not. He was found sane, guilty and hanged some weeks later.

But the case of the Crown vs. Neville George Clevely Heath was not buried with him. Many still say mistakes were made by the court, that two brutal murders would cast doubts on any man's sanity. The initial mistake however, undeniably belongs to Heath and Margery Gardner.

They should never have made a night of it. ●●

PICTORIAL

A FRENCH FACE TO CONJURE WITH

Some photographic notes
on the most recent Gallic
contribution to world fun

One somewhat plausible reason given for the French inability to cope with colonial messes and things is the fact that the whole country has been hypnotized—by a new French face. It's an alluring, half wise, half bratty, gamin-like face belonging to a 21-year-old ex-ballerina named Brigitte Bardot. Politics make Brigitte pout, but that just makes her prettier.





Brigitte's dad was against her becoming a film star, but he was quickly shouted down, and the "Gorgeous Pekinese" has already shown up in 10 movies, the latest being a British affair, "Doctor at Sea." Italy, bemused by Brigitte, has stolen her for the film "Nero's Wife." She's 5'2" tall, blondish, and—for such a petite Parisienne — extraordinarily well-endowed in the upper regions.

In film, "Manina" (right) Brigitte cavorts about with a smuggler; in "Doctor at Sea" the starlet is served up as a cabaret artiste (below).



Bachelor's Tale



Susan

By
Clive Jackson

The room seemed strange,
the one-eyed teddy bear peculiar—
and then, he took a good look at Susan

■ SUSAN'S HANDS FLOATING to and fro over the piano keys like two white moths; fragile notes falling upon the silence, spreading out into the corners of the big, dark room like ripples on a millpond.

Susan's hair of pure spun-gold, haloed by the warm candlelight; tilted profile, white throat curving, bare arms touched with golden down.

Susan's eyes, tawny, deep, aswim with candle-shine, gazing at her David across the piano. He relaxed, gently drawing on his pipe, lost in the magic of her music, the depths of her eyes.



Mrs. McNulty, fat and 40, romantic but slightly envious, sighing, "My, what a beautiful couple they make!" Mr. McNulty, sitting beside her, hating his wife but too timid to sin, resentfully thinking "Some guys have all the luck," and mentally removing Susan's clothes.

The melody, double-themed, twisting and cavorting and playing with its tail; at last, triumphant, sorting itself out and marching hand in hand with itself to the finish. Everyone quietly applauding, some sincere, some po-

lite, some bored. More cocktails; more Handel.

A mellow clock chiming. "Goodness! Can it be so late already?" Everyone leaving; a sorting out of hats; a helping on with coats. Susan standing smiling.

"Thanks for a swell evening, Sue!"

"You never played better, my dear!"

"When are you coming to see us?"

"Swell dinner, Sue!"

"Goodnight!"

A slamming of car doors, a purring of motors, tires whispering on the concrete. Darkness and silence.

Now to clean up. Empty the ashtrays, wash the glasses. What's that—a car? Someone coming back: forgot something, maybe. The door buzzer.

"Why, David!"

"Sue, honey, let me come in?"

"Oh, David, you shouldn't've. Suppose someone sees; you know what the folks 'round here are."

"To hell with the folks 'round here! I had to come

back. Sue—" His lips on hers, rough, crushing, possessive. "Now will you let me in, creature?"

"Mm-mm! Alright. But not for long, mind."

Not for long. Two tangled bodies on the sofa. Two burned-out cigarettes in the ashtray.

"What time is it, David?"

"Who cares?"

"I care—Heavens, it's a quarter of two! Oh, darling, it's awful, but you must go!"

"Sue, honey, you can't send me away, not now. Let me stay, baby—you know I've wanted to sleep with you ever since I saw you."

"Oh, David, I do want you so much! But you know we can't—not until we're married—because it would spoil everything and in the morning you'd hate me and think I was cheap."

"Yes, I guess you're right, Sue. I shouldn't have said it—forget it will you honey?"

"Of course, darling. Now be good and go home."

One last kiss. Long, hungry, full of yearning.

"David."

"Yes, honey?"

"You'd better get that yellow convertible around the back into the vacant lot; someone may recognize it if you leave it out front all night."

"Sue! Darling!"

Susan's room all perfume and pink satin and mirrors and old teddy-bears.

"Well, will you look at him with only one eye!"

"Isn't he cute! He growls if you press his tummy."

"Let's see if you growl."

"Ow! Stop it David! Gosh, I look an absolute wreck."

"You look cute. Cute like a teddy bear. Come here!"

"Oh, David, I do love you! Unbutton me."

"Sue! What on earth—what is that?"

"That? Oh, that's where father used to switch me off"—coaxingly, slyly—"you won't switch me off, will you, David dear?"

● ●

a Panty Raider's Choice

Among grown-up humorists, there is no doubt that the richest vein of humor is always located around college campuses. For some reason, funny men seem to lose some of their freshness and spirit when they leave the ivy-covered halls and work for a living. An old college grad, a *Bachelor* staff member, not a funny man himself, but with an eye for wit when he spots it, has selected what in his opinion, are the funniest examples of college humor today.



"There, there, McClowski.
I'm sure it's just a joke."

Columns of University of Washington

One day during the war, a tall, strong and handsome Roman soldier broke into a house where he found two luscious maidens and their matronly nurse.

Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for a conquest, my pretties."

The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him. "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse."

"Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse. "War is war."



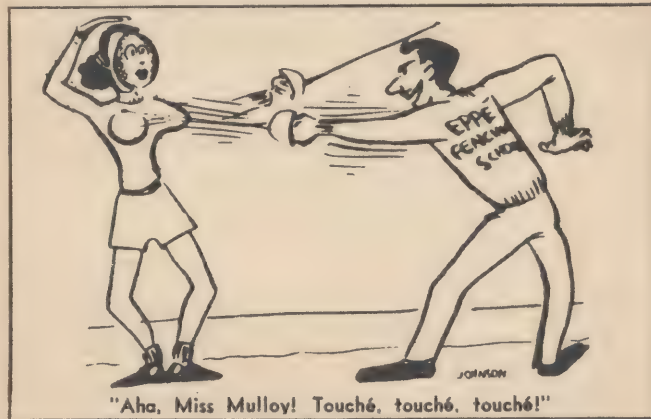
"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"Bring your wife around and we'll see."

Arriving home earlier than usual, he found his wife in the arms of his best friend.

"I love your wife," said the friend, "and she loves me. I'll play you a game of bridge for her. If I win you divorce her, and if you win I promise never to see her again. Will you play?"

"Okay by me," said the husband, "but how's about a penny a point to make it interesting?"



Stanford Chapparral, Stanford University

A lobbyist who was opposing any large appropriation for a state college approached a legislator who boasted of his self-education.

"Do you realize," asked the portly lobbyist gravely, "that up at the State College men and women students have to use the same curriculum?"

The legislator looked startled.

"And that boys and girls often matriculate together."

"No," exclaimed the lawmaker.

The lobbyist came closer and whispered, "And a young lady student can be forced at any time to show a male professor her thesis."

The legislator shrank back in horror.

"I won't vote 'em a damned cent."



Beaver Dam, Oregon State College



Profile, University of Cincinnati

A great, big, beautiful car pulled up to the curb where a cute little thing was waiting for the bus. A gentleman stuck his head out and said, "Hello honey, I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl. "Bring me back an orange."

▲ ▲ ▲

Girl (in movies): "Someone's fooling with my knee."

Bill: "It's me and I'm not fooling."

▲ ▲ ▲

She: "I nearly fainted when the fellow I was out with last night asked me for a kiss."

He: "Baby, you're gonna die when you hear what I have to say."

▲ ▲ ▲

We know a girl who said she'd do anything for a mink coat. Well, she got one, but now she can't even button it.



Profile, University of Cincinnati

An Englishman and an American were out for a walk. After a half hour's silence, the Englishman remarked, "Spring in the air!"

"Why should I?" asked the American.



BACHELOR GIRL

The 200 Titles of RUSTY FISHER

■ Among the things men want to do when confronted with Rusty Fisher is award her with titles. They've practically titled her to death. She's been Miss Veolette of 1956 (Veolette is a motorcycle), Miss M.G. Midget of 1956 and the sports car people are out to make her Miss Catalina if they possibly can. There have been dozens of others along the way, but the 18-yr.-old, green-eyed Rusty insists "they can keep all the titles if they'll only make me a movie star."





Passed on in strictest confidence, the
Rusty Fisher measurements are: 37-22-36



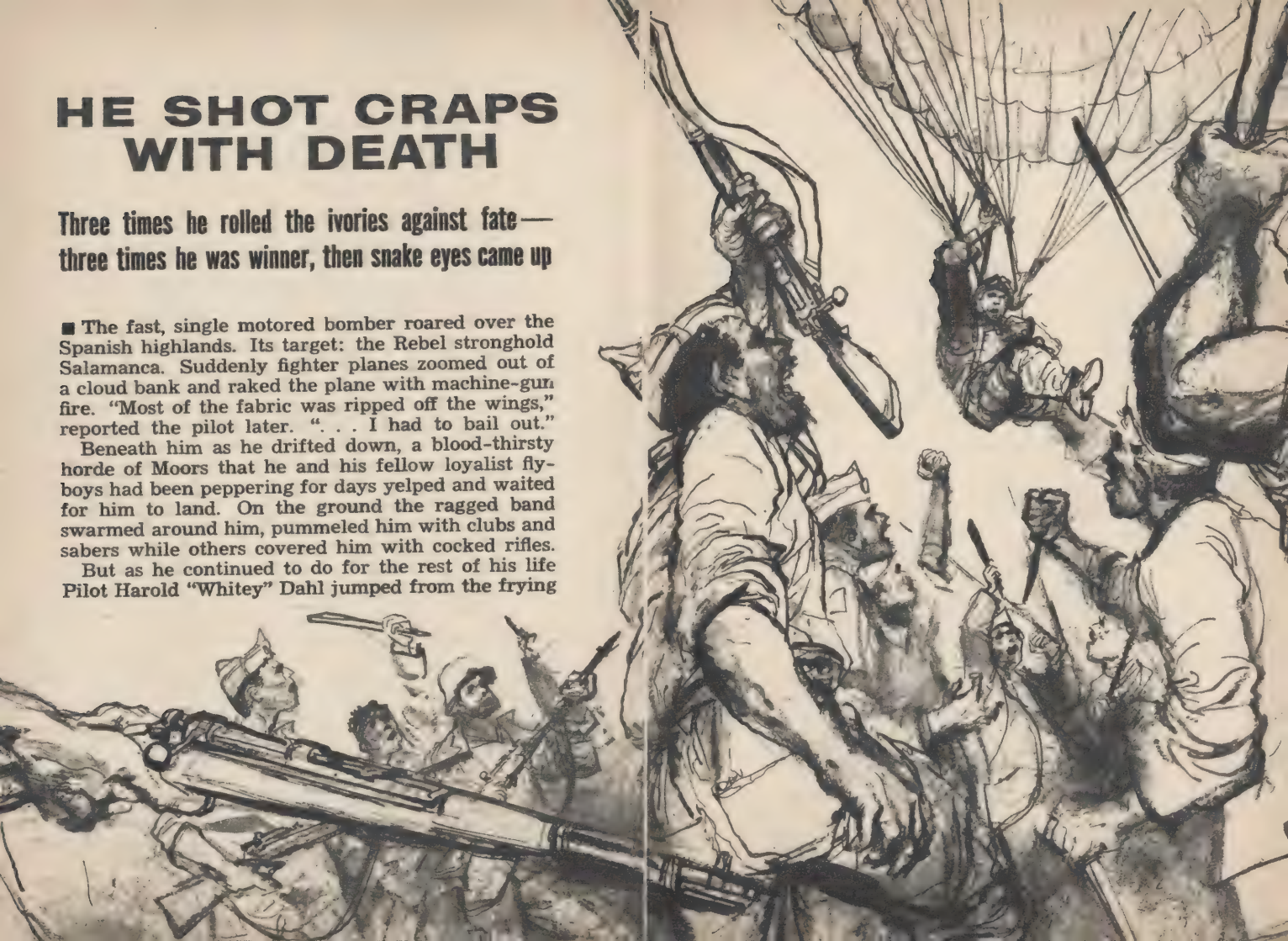
HE SHOT CRAPS WITH DEATH

Three times he rolled the ivories against fate —
three times he was winner, then snake eyes came up

■ The fast, single motored bomber roared over the Spanish highlands. Its target: the Rebel stronghold Salamanca. Suddenly fighter planes zoomed out of a cloud bank and raked the plane with machine-gun fire. "Most of the fabric was ripped off the wings," reported the pilot later. "... I had to bail out."

Beneath him as he drifted down, a blood-thirsty horde of Moors that he and his fellow loyalist fly-boys had been peppering for days yelped and waited for him to land. On the ground the ragged band swarmed around him, pummeled him with clubs and sabers while others covered him with cocked rifles.

But as he continued to do for the rest of his life Pilot Harold "Whitey" Dahl jumped from the frying





WW
Daredevil Dahl: "I heard I could get plenty of money."

Whitey lived to flirt with

pan into the fire and came out unscathed. Just at that moment a group of Spanish rebel officers came running up and took charge.

Lady Luck had been Dahl's constant companion since he was born in 1909 in Sidney, Illinois. He had learned to fly as a U.S. Army cadet, but dropped out of the Air Corps to march off to the Spanish civil war in 1937. ("I heard I could get plenty of money flying in Spain against

Franco.") But adventurer Dahl only saw \$1,700 of the \$40,000 he claimed he earned.

With phony Mexican passports gotten under the name Hernandez Diaz, Dahl hopped off to Spain, dropping his new bride, blonde entertainer Edith Rogers, off at Cannes. After being shot down and captured on the bombing mission, Whitey was hauled to Salamanca prison, sentenced to death before a firing squad.

Minutes before the executioners loaded their rifles, Generalissimo Franco received a letter and picture from Mrs. Harold Dahl. "Please do not destroy my happiness," she entreated. "He flew only to get money for me." Although much mystery surrounds the answer to the letter, skeptics have to admit that a letter ending "Your obedient servant kisses your foot," and bearing the Generalissimo's signature, was sent to Cannes. And Dahl's hands were untied.

After his trial Whitey was not particularly anxious to leave Spain. He knew that he was wanted even more definitely in Los Angeles for passing 8 bad checks. Finally exchanged and returned to the U. S. in 1940, Dahl's luck held strong. The judge he appeared before

danger, but she winked back

turned out to be a fellow member of the Quiet Birdmen, an aviators' club, and brushed aside the charges.

Itchy to get into the World War II fight Dahl enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force and became a squadron leader (equal to a U.S. major). While there he explained to newsmen that his marriage to Edith had never been exactly solemnized from the legal standpoint and married Eleanor Bone. Whitey didn't get through the war without a scrape. In 1945 Canadian authorities hauled him into court, charged him with selling government property on the black market. Without blinking his blue eyes Dahl wiggled through with no penalty but a discharge.

After barnstorming around South America in the late '40's Whitey latched on to a fly-job with Swissair on the Geneva to Paris run. In 1953 he faced a court again—this time for helping himself to \$35,000 in Swiss gold bullion. Found guilty, Dahl was sentenced to 2 years in prison, but was freed pending an appeal.

At loose ends, Whitey headed back to Canada, picked up a job shuttling supplies to Arctic radar bases with a bush airline. Just recently at Frobisher Bay on Baffin Island the owner of a beat-up DC-3 asked Dahl to hop him to the mainland. Dahl laughed at the risk, agreed to fly the radioless old bucket for a fancy price. Minutes from its destination the battered plane sputtered, shook and crashed into the Canadian wilderness. Only one man survived the crash. But aerial soldier of fortune Whitey Dahl was found dead at the controls. He had rolled snake eyes.



INP
Pen-wielder Rogers: "Please do not destroy my happiness."

Liquor

A Nipponese Bottled Earthquake
Is Making Vodka Taste Like Lemonade



the drinking of JAPANESE JET JUICE

■ The martini had better look to its olive-leaved laurels. Americans, having conquered it, along with French wine, German beer, and the ubiquitous English gin-and-tonic, are now turning to something new in the way of alcohol. Japanese sake (pronounced sah-key) may be just what they need. Not a beer, wine, nor liquor, yet similar to all three, this deceptively gentle liquid packs the heady wallop of a bathtub full of Moscow Mules.

America first became aware of sake when servicemen



in Japan, faced with a liquor shortage, turned to Nippon's national beverage. They came back to the United States with an unslaked thirst and demanded that we import something from Japan besides cherry trees. The result has been a 75 per cent increase in U.S. sales of sake since 1952. There are now seven importers of the gentle Japanese thunderbolt, and last year even such bourbon-bound states as Kansas and Missouri imbibed it for the first time.

Sake may be new in the United States, but for 1200 years it has been as common in Japan as Coke is here. According to legend, it was first brewed by the Japanese sun goddess' grandson, Ninigino Mikoto, the patron saint of sake distillers. The drink is named after the town of Osaka which did for sake what Milwaukee did for beer.

Aside from the pleasure-inducing qualities, sake has always been a powerful religious influence in Japanese life. In ancient times it was considered the elixir of life. Today there is still no holiday, feast, or social event without the porcelain bowl that contains the "bejewelled broom that sweeps away worry." Sake is even drunk by Japanese noblemen before committing Hara Kiri.

Contrary to our "on-the-rocks" philosophy, sake is served warm (about 110 degrees Fahrenheit) because the Japanese believe that coldness invites disease. Small cups, some with a tube that produces a whistling sound as the liquid is sipped through it, are used for serving.

Sake is sometimes called rice beer or rice wine. Basically it is a refermented beer with a high alcoholic content (12 to 15 per cent) made with rice, yeast, and starch. It looks like white wine and tastes like sherry, with a bitter aftertaste. Although the Japanese might not approve, it can be chilled before serving.

If you decide that sake is the drink for you, a 60-ounce bottle will cost about five dollars, a 24-ounce bottle will cost about three. Heat it carefully in a pyrex or porcelain pan to about 110 degrees Fahrenheit and pour it into small bowls (chemical crucibles will do). Remember, sake is sipped, not gulped. In toasting, "Skoll" is inappropriate. In Japan they say, "Kanpai." ●●

continued from page 8

ful puppets, beds lunged out of walls, popped from closets, plummeted from ceilings, rocketed out of innocent-looking sofas. With the onset of the convertible, every room became a bedroom.

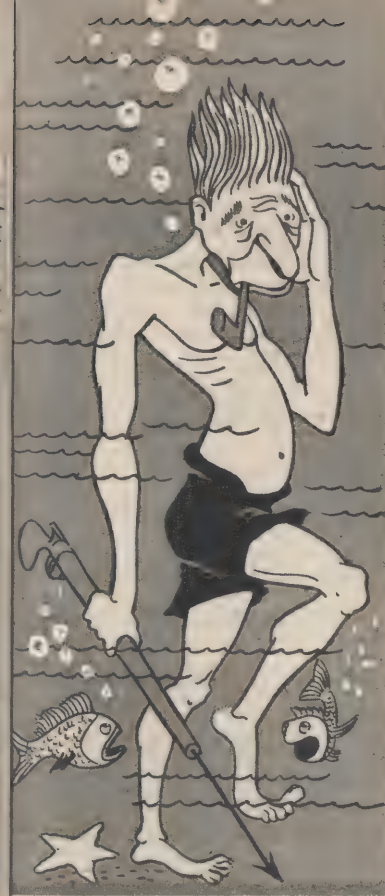
The decline and fall of the sleeping room continued far into the postwar period. Then, early in the 1950's, science turned its methodical mind to Morpheus and discovered that man's sleeping habits are the main cause of his nervous tension. Thus, the Great Bedroom Surprise is that a soothing sleeping chamber equipped with scientific aids is the manna for modern mental ills.

Today's bedroom has become a place to escape from tension, a place to relax and "knit the ravelled sleeve of care." In fact, to guarantee quicker and sounder sleep, stores such as Hammacher Schlemmer's of New York have sleep departments that offer ear plugs, sleep shades, bed boards for a firmer sleep, vibrating machines for tired muscles, arm and leg supports (resembling balloons), blanket supports that lift the blanket off of the bed, leg elevators, and other similar products. Beds themselves range from very wide to very narrow and come with adjustable springs. Mattresses come in foam rubber and every other material, as do pillows which also come in every size and thickness. Electric blankets relieve weight and guarantee warmth. And after a good night's sleep utilizing all of these things, a man can wake to music provided by the clock-alarm.

Man, then, with the aid of science, has conquered the bedroom. He no longer is afraid of this mysterious chamber but looks on it as a haven, be he bachelor or bridegroom. In short, he has reached the ultimate in sack sophistication and psychology. ●●



LEW

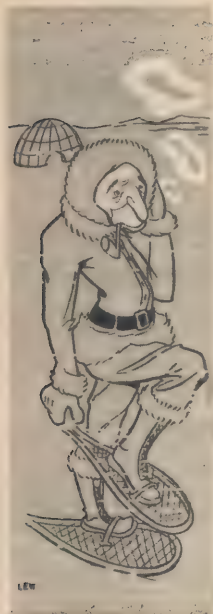


SCREWBALL SAFARIS FOR ADVENTURERS

by
John Johnson

Mention "Safari" to a travel clerk—he'll talk about music, French verbs, chess and widescreen movies—anything but tracking down big cats in darkest Africa

■ The day of the insane safari is here. Red-blooded males who are tired of escorting Aunt Matilda around to the local sights should check with a travel agent for a list of lunatic expeditions guaranteed to satisfy most adventurous urges.



PENGUIN SAFARI. For those who missed the trip with Admiral Byrd, there's a frost-bite safari to the North Pole. Well, almost to the North Pole, anyway. Bennett's Travel Bureau, 290 Madison Ave., New York, guarantees every member at least one polar bear and pays the freight charges to ship the furry trophy home. A really good shot will be able to do the house over in wall-to-wall polar bear. This frozen junket kicks off from Tromso, Norway (you fly to Tromso) and costs \$900 for the 10-day boat trip. More than two dozen warm-blooded Americans have already signed up for this year.

GENTLEMAN HUNTER'S SAFARI. Sabena World Airlines has organized a ridiculous safari (cost: \$1600) to the Belgian Congo that couples big-game hunting with the rules of an English boarding school. The members of the safari enter the Luama Hunting Preserve International Competition, which consists of seven days of hunting according to strict rules.

At the close of the competition there is an appropriate ceremony at which medals and loving cups are presented to the hunters who have bagged the biggest game in each category. They give no prizes for shooting other hunters. Decisions of the judges are final.

FROGMAN SAFARI. One of the craziest safaris is the Fugazay Travel Bureau's skin-diving trek. The tour offers seven days and six nights of water-logged living off the shores of the Virgin Islands. This outlandish aquatic safari costs \$300 per couple (bring your own flippers), plus air transportation from New York to St. Thomas.

Incidentally Fugazay is also planning a bow-and-arrow safari to Africa this coming fall which will be open to both amateur and professional archers.

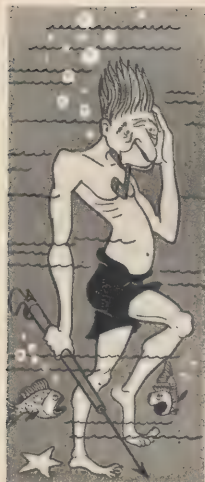
FISHY SAFARI. Pan American Airways offers a reel-and-creel safari to Argentina's trout streams, complete with English-speaking guide, for about \$1500 from New York. For 16 days the members wrestle rainbow trout that weigh in at over 25 pounds. You may not want to come back, but that's something you'll have to take up with your family and the local draft board.

CELLULOID SAFARI. One of the daffiest of all safaris is a 48-day trek through Africa offered by Sabena World Airlines. For approximately \$3000. Kodak and Leica addicts can beat through the bush and shoot anything that they like—with their camera, that is. This is the only known safari where the trophies are taken home on paper. Members supply their own film.

SNOWFLAKE SAFARI. Panagra Airlines has a silly skiing safari to Chile in case you get the urge to hit the slopes during a heat wave this summer. Round trip fare, hotel accommodations, and six skiing lessons are included in the cost of \$871. The Chilean Government guarantees snow the year around.

DO-NOTHING SAFARI. The zaniest safari of all is one to Zanzibar for lazy people who don't want to do anything. The Kelso Travel Bureau of Pasadena, California promises that no one will have to hunt, fish or even move around much. The safari travels in closed cars and stays at the best inns and hotels across the heart of Africa. If this is still too much effort for you, there's always Cinerama.

HOLLYWOOD-TYPE SAFARI. For men who want to make like Stewart Granger, Thos. Cook & Son, 587 Fifth Ave., New York offers a "King Solomon's Mines" safari along the twisting trails of Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda and the Belgian Congo. This fantastic trip takes three months, and the tab comes to \$7893, including full-length movies of the entire expedition. You'll have to supply your own Deborah Kerr.



IRON CURTAIN SAFARI. More daffy and dangerous than any old-fashioned safari is Thos. Cook & Son's 32-day stomp through the Baltic. Most of the trip is made by boat, but there are two overland jaunts to Leningrad and Moscow. This, incidentally, is the first safari in history to include a visit to the Russian ballet. Last year only 22 Americans visited Soviet Russia; this year 100 U. S. citizens have already signed up.

MELODY SAFARI. Now there's even a cool safari for music lovers of the long hair variety. The American Express Company has dreamed up a 48-day tour of all the European music festivals, and the whole trip comes to just \$1230. This is about half of what it might cost you if you tried to go it alone.

PARLEZ-VOUS SAFARI. An off-beat safari for language enthusiasts is also offered by the American Express Company in cooperation with the Berlitz School of Languages. The journey covers most of Europe, lasts 48 days, and costs \$1047. The trophy is a \$25 tuition certificate toward the cost of a Berlitz language course.

DO-IT-YOURSELF SAFARI. One of the nuttiest safaris ever to get up steam has already started on its mad way across Europe, but we'll mention it in passing just in case you might like to duplicate the idea. Wally Biam of Bakersfield, California organized 42 trailers and 10 dozen Americans who are probably grinding up roads and scaring the hell out of livestock at this very moment. The caravan left New York on March 28 and won't be home until October. By that time the group will have traveled 14,000 miles and spent \$200,000. All it takes is a little initiative and capital if you're interested.

CHESS SAFARI One of the best of the screw-ball safaris is a ten-day chess-playing cruise to either Havana or Nassau offered by Time Travel, Inc., 15 Park Row, New York. The safari has a complete program of chess instruction and chess playing under the direction of experts for a total cost of \$250 per couple. The ship is the air-conditioned S.S. Silverstar which has a swimming pool, bar and orchestra for anyone who gets tired of playing chess. Boards and chessmen are provided; bring your own lucky set if you want. Time Travel calls this safari Chess Ahoy.

The following safari facts should be kept in mind if you're seriously considering risking life, limb and fortune in search of adventure. A safe and sane trip to Europe may cost less than a safari, but it won't be half as much fun. Remember, too, that a safari that can be listed as a business expense can also be deducted from your income tax. And last, and most important of all, the only thing that you really need for a safari is the desire to go. If you really want to, drop everything, pack your mother's picture and you're on your way. ●●

LUNCH DATE

An office girl went into her accustomed self-service restaurant on her lunch hour and found all the tables taken. Finally she sat down at a table with a very proper and dignified old lady.

They ate silently, exchanging not a word until the office girl finished and lit up a cigarette. The old lady gasped, "I'd rather commit adultery than be seen smoking in public," she said indignantly.

The office girl nodded, "So would I," she admitted, "but I only have a half hour for lunch."

The PERSIAN PUSSYCAT

A bedside fairy tale for bachelors



The Persian pussycat, perfumed and fair



Went out to the rooftop to get some air

*A tomcat, lithe and lean and strong,
Dirty and yellow came along
He looked at the perfumed Persian cat
As she walked around with much éclat*



*Hoping a little time to pass,
He said, "Kitty you sure got class!"
Fitting and proper was her reply
As she arched her whiskers over her eye*



I'm beribboned and I sleep on silk

Daily I'm fed on certified milk



*I should be happy with what I've got,
I should be happy, but happy I'm not*



I should be happy, happy indeed
Because I'm highly pedigreed!

The joys of life
he then unfurled
As he told her tales
of the outside world
Suggesting at last
with a leering laugh
A trip for two
down the primrose path



In after years, the neighbors came
To see the Persian kittens of pedigreed fame
But they weren't Persian, they were black and tan
And the pussycat said their daddy was a travelin' man. ■ ■



"Cheer up," said the
tomcat, with a smile
"Trust your new friend
for awhile
You needn't leave
your backyard fence.
My dear, what you
need is experience"



THE RIGHT WAY TO BUY "A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND"

■ For long weeks Zeus, mighty ruler of the gods, paced the Olympian heights in torment. His amorous advances had been spurned by a slender Greek maiden. He had visited her as a snowy swan, but she had scorned him.

In disgust Zeus seized one of his trusty thunderbolts and hurled it earthward. All the earth shook as the bolt shattered a rocky crag. Zeus gazed at the trembling earth and glimpsed some white sparkles near where the bolt had struck. He flew down and sifted a handful of the blue-white rocks. "With these brilliant baubles I'll win her," he vowed, and he sped to her. At the sight of the stones the fair maiden's eyes glowed. She slipped her soft hand into the god's and he whisked her off to his Olympian playground.

The brilliant baubles, better known today as diamonds, are still a "girl's best friend." But modern swains do not believe they are born of lightning and thunder as did the ancients. They

know about mines and they realize that diamond buying is a ticklish business. To help readers select gems, *Bachelor* interviewed New York diamond authority Walter Untermeyer, Jr., came up with the following diamond-buying advice.

COLOR: One of the most important price-determiners of a diamond is its color. Stones range from a yellow or brownish hue through a subtle gradation to true colorless gems. Only 1 out of 10,000 quality gems has blue traces.

Beware of unscrupulous diamond-selling practices. Even a yellow stone when displayed under a blue light or background, will reflect the blue hue. Some shady dealers make a blue-white gem by putting a tiny drop of blue ink on the bottom of the stone. Best advice: examine a gem in a natural north light.

CLARITY: With a minimum of 10-power magnification an expert can discern any flaws, cracks, carbon, spots or clouds on a diamond. Only a gem



INP
Dangle a carat: from the Greeks to Lorelei, potent blonde bait.

that shows none of the above imperfections gets a "flawless" rating by the American Gem Society. Every stone is graded. For a perfect diamond select a AAA1 grade. But budget-minded buyers should bear in mind that the flaws in AAA and AA grades are not discernible to the naked eye and cost much less.

CUT: The brilliancy of a diamond is dependent on the cut of the stone. A well-cut stone is geometrically proportioned with specific angles and highly polished facets. But some cutters hack away too much of the stone and put out poor or "swindle" cuts that are discernible only to an expert.

CARAT WEIGHT: The unit of weight of diamonds is a carat divided into 100 points. Except for tiny chips, where the cost of labor is an important factor, the per carat price increases with the size of the stones. However, you can pay as little as \$100 or as much as \$2,500 for a 1-carat stone.

DIAMOND DON'TS

Don't buy diamonds at a liquidation or close out sale. Such sales are staged by out-of-town specialists who introduce merchandise and methods for which your local jeweler is not accountable.

Don't frequent a jeweler who flaunts such words as "blue-white," "perfect cut" or "eye-perfect."

Don't rely on taking your diamond to another jeweler for appraisal. Rather, pick a reputable jeweler so that a check is not necessary. ●●



for the bachelor's den



BRIGHTER LIGHTER . . . This stunning torch makes the whole room shine. Just slip a piece of fabric under the transparent surface to match a favorite chair, sofa or tie. This Ronson retails at \$12.50



GAMING GLASSES . . . Sneak a look at all sorts of interesting games with these tiny binoculars. They fold into practically nothing when shut. \$6.95, Empire Sales, 1550—46th St., Brooklyn



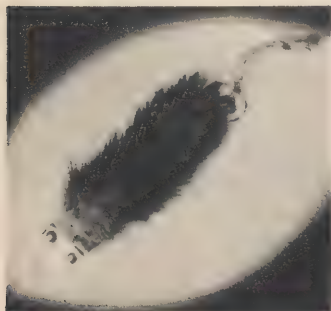
WHITTLED WONDERS . . .

These wooden men look so alive they seem ready to bite you. When you see the other 9 characters, you'll really go crazy! \$3.50 each, BEB Products, 278, Oneonta, NY



ONE-MAN STAND . . .

A gadget that never sits down on the job. Licks stamps, holds clips, cigarettes, ashes. Loose coins fit in too. Send \$1.50, Marsha Kay Co., Bay Road, Miami Beach, Fla.



MIGHTY MINK . . .

No relaxing on milady's shoulders for this mink! The most luxurious bottle-opener in history, it dips into all sorts of good beverages. \$1.25. The Characters, Box 6873, Dallas, Texas



HANGOVER HOPE . . .

Be prepared for tomorrow's hangover today. And if you don't have a headache then, you'll still want the juice, gum, cloth and bromo. \$1.00. The Marsha Kay Co.



The isle of Manhattan is good hunting ground for free food

■ Since the days of O'Henry's short stories, tour guides, press agents and sentimental natives have bragged about the soft heart that beats beneath New York City's concrete pavements. Recently a young fellow proved that the world's largest city is also the world's most generous host. For 30 days he put away tons of food, downed more cocktails than he could count, all without shucking out a cent. His only complaint at the end of the stint: "It takes lots of canapes to feed a growing man."

The key to his success was an expert's knowledge of free-loading—the art of getting something (whether it's a show, a meal, a gift or a drink) for nothing. As a guide to anyone who finds himself at loose ends in the nation's largest metropolis, *Bachelor* offers this rundown for prospective free-loaders.

Free Samples

Week after week, various organizations stage national showings of their products. For example, at the National Food Show the latest frozen and packaged food products can be tasted; at the National Business Show you're offered a cup of bouillon or tea. Between the National Hotel Show, the Antique Show, the Do-It-Yourself Show, the Boat Show and the Home Furnishings Show you can enjoy the following items: fabrics, paper, paint color samples, ash trays, coasters, cork screws, bottle openers, matches, swizzle sticks, pins, lipsticks, glue, stocking darners, soap, pictures and silver polish.

By checking with Standard Rate and Data you can find out whose "week" it is. In 1956 most of the shows will be held in the Coliseum near Columbus Circle.

Free Beer

The section of Manhattan from 80th Street to 88th Street between 3rd and 1st Avenues known as Yorkville is the spot for free brews and wine. During the May Wine and Bock Beer Festivals all the niteries pass out brimming glasses and steins to everyone.

and drinks, but you'd better have a cast-iron stomach

Free Tickets

Greenwich Village is the best hunting ground for anyone interested in a play or opera. The Greenwich Mews Theater, Originals Only and the Amato Opera Theater, just to name a few, will give you a full entertainment evening. (A basket is passed for those wishing to contribute.)

If it's a regular show you're itching to see, there is a (not recommended by *Bachelor*) dodge around the ticket booth. The price for your dishonesty is that you will have to miss the first act. The trick: to mingle with the intermission audience that spills out onto the street. If the theater has standing room or wasn't a complete sellout, free-loaders can usually find a seat when they squeeze into the playhouse at the end of the intermission. This sort of entry (we have been told) works best in the large houses, such as City Center.

Radio and TV shows are safer to free-load at. The



Occupational hazards: ptomaine, dipsomania, laryngitis

audience you hear guffawing after a TV comedian's joke is a non-paying one. To give live shows an added spark, television and radio studios daily pass out hundreds of free tickets. They get their audience and you get to see top shows.

Free
Champagne

When the French usher in the New Year, they do it as only the French know how. New Year's Day the French Embassy breaks open Jeroboams and Rehoboams and offers, gratis, sparkling champagne. Any French Naval vessels in the harbor do the same thing. Also for champagne lovers is the annual shindig of the Champagne Producers of France, usually held at the Carlton House.

Free
Cigarettes

Many office reception rooms are well stocked with cigarettes which you can enjoy as long as you care to lounge there. Particularly shrewd free-loaders pay frequent visits to advertising agencies which handle cigarette and to cigarette-sponsored TV shows.

Free
Meals

Foreign flags at hotels are a signal that foreign dignitaries are visiting there, and it follows that there will be crashable parties. Hotels help tremendously in this respect. Their bulletin boards list the events of the day and the room in which they're to be held.

Experienced free-loaders advise shying away from glamour parties—they usually keep close tabs on the invited guests. Promotional parties are a better bet since they are anxious to reach many people.

There is never a shortage of food at hotel affairs. At a recent Statler party there was a 30-ft. buffet, laden with 6 turkeys, 4 hams, 3 roasts of beef, and a variety of cheeses. On a regular daily basis most of the New York hotels will give the buyer of a drink a free lunch.



Free
Cocktails

Wedding receptions, all listed daily in the newspapers, special art showings and exhibits are sure-fire assuagers of a free-loader's thirst. After picking up the patois of the art viewers and finding out the names of the bride and groom, you can settle down and enjoy yourself. One free-loader we know specializes in weddings. "They're safest," he explains modestly. "For 4 years now I've been living off the fat of the land, all because I taught myself to say, 'Congratulations. I'm Uncle Lester's Melvin.'"

But the life of a free-loader is not all free samples, good drinks and mouth-watering food. There are streaks of bad luck and occupational hazards—ptomaine, dipsomania, laryngitis and undernourishment. Consider the amount of time, effort and imagination necessary, and you'll end up agreeing with us that it's easier to work for a living. As one free-loading Focus researcher complained, "My face muscles ached from smiling and my stomach growled for more than just cheese tidbits, olives and martinis for supper."



"It'll cost you boys fifty to see me."

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SWANK

IS A

MAN'S MAGAZINE

THAT WILL

TICKLE YOU



**THE MAN WHO WAS
JEALOUS OF JACK-THE-RIPPER**

